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P O E M S,

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO

The Right Honourable the Countess Fitzwilliam.

BY S. PEARSON.



SHEFFIELD:

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M,DCC,XC.

P. O. E. M. S.

The Right Honourable the Common Pleas

W. & A. R. S.



PRINTED BY J. GALE AND SONS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON. W. & A. R. S.

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TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM.

MADAM,

FEARFUL lest the overflowings of a grateful heart should be mistaken for venal adulation, and conscious that where panegyric is most merited it is least desired, I forbear to expatiate on that liberality of sentiment which led your Ladyship to honour me with your notice, when under all the disadvantages of obscurity. Your Ladyship's kindness and that of Earl Fitzwilliam are subjects on which I could dwell with all the fervor of one new to obligations, did not the reasons before-mentioned incline me to desist.—If the following pages be so fortunate to afford your Ladyship an hour's amusement, the benefit however great which I have derived through your notice, will hold no proportion to my happiness.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

With profound respect,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and most humble servant,

S. PEARSON.

Sheffield, August 16th, 1790.

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...the first obtained from him in 1870.

2. PEARSON

POEMS.

SONNET

TO THE REVIEWERS.

TO you who, seated on the sacred hill,
 Smile at the crowd that where Castalia flows,
 Eagerly press to taste the vocal rill,
 And fancy laurel fillets bind their brows;
 To you, a votary of the tuneful choir
 Submits her wild strains with a timid sigh,
 Yet asks no pity if her humble lyre
 Be doom'd in dark Oblivion's shade to lie:
 But oh ! if judgment should approve her lays,
 Judgment whose eye sweet sympathy can veil,
 More than the partial friend's she'd deem your praise,
 And call it grateful as the balmy gale,
 That breathing on the river's icy source,
 Dissolves its chrystal bonds, and animates its course.

ZARA AND SEBASTIAN.

[IN IMITATION OF THE OLD SPANISH BALLAD.]

ON Algiers' majestic turrets,
Softly shone the lamp of night,
Softly roll'd the flumb'ring ocean,
Silver'd with a milder light.

Thro' the brave Sebastian's prison,
Slowly moves a languid beam,
On the floor he lies in sorrow,
Tears adown his bosom stream.

Yet in Seville's holy battles,
Glory fill'd his youthful breast,
Many a haughty Moorish chieftain
Bow'd to him his lofty crest.

But the brave are still most tender,
'Tho' in storms like rocks of snow,
Which defy the wint'ry tempests,
Yet at Spring's soft breathings flow.

Where

Where the gentle Guadalquiver,*
 Thro' an ancient forest sweeps,
 There in sadness lives his lady,
 There his lovely infant weeps.

Busy mem'ry paints his pleasures,
 Ere the Moor enslav'd his arm,
 Love portrays a thousand dangers,
 That his blooming bride alarm.

" Dear Elvira must we never,
 " Never meet again !" he cried,
 " Ever must this gloomy dungeon,
 " Keep Sebastian from thy side ?—

" Ha ! the keys that lead to freedom,
 " By my careless guardian lie,
 " I will seize this precious moment,
 " From these cruel walls to fly.

" O be still my drowsy keeper,
 " Seal his lids propitious Sleep !
 " Lock the portals of his senses,
 " While I seek the briny deep.

" Heaven guide my wand'ring footsteps !
 " Yield pale moon thy purest ray !
 " While I gain the lofty rampart,
 " And the heaving waste survey.

" From

* The river which runs west through Andalusia, passing by Seville.

" From yon palace, rob'd in silver,
 " Lo ! a penfive beauty breaks,
 " Here she hies dishevell'd, weeping !---
 " Hark ! to me she softly speaks,

" Gracious Alla ! do I see thee,
 " From thy savage keeper fly ?
 " Turn, oh ! turn thee, vent'rous captive,
 " Else by torture thou wilt die ;

" For my father hates thy country,
 " Great and cruel are thy foes ;
 " Yet one tender, anxious bosom,
 " Pants to sooth thee to repose.

" Long I've lov'd thee, gallant Christian,
 " Oft I've from my maidens stole,
 " Near thy grated cell to wander,
 " And disclose my tender soul.

" On that day when first they brought thee,
 " In these hated walls to lie,
 " I beheld thy silent sorrows,
 " I beheld thy downcast eye.

" Since that hour that saw thee captive,
 " I have sigh'd in chains of thine,
 " Love possess'd my pining spirit,
 " And thy woes have all been mine."

" Much

"Much I grieve for thee, bright damsel,"
Soft the wond'ring youth replied,
"For beyond this world of waters,
"Lives my dear, my wedded bride.

"I can ne'er return thy kindness,
"Rich, and lovely as thou art:
"For some gallant, Moorish captain,
"Keep the treasure of thy heart.

"Tho' from this detested city,
"I dare scarcely hope to fly,
"Dear Elvira's beauteous image,
"Only with her love can die."

Deeply sigh'd the wounded virgin,
Sad she droop'd her lovely head;
O'er the platform slowly moving,
Thus the hapless beauty said,

"Mild as yonder gliding planet,
"Is the love with which I glow,
"Never shall it wrong thy lady,
"Never shall it work thee woe.

"Though I deem thy smiles as grateful
"As the ev'ning's silent rain,
"Pleasant as the tow'ring palm-tree,
"Waving o'er the sandy plain;

" Though I deem thy converse soothing
" As the sweet sounds that descend,
" When our prophet bids his angels
" Over dying virtue bend ;

" I commend thy steadfast spirit,
" Even while my tender heart,
" Swells with new, with keener anguish,
" At the tale thy lips impart.

" Yet I still will make thee happy,
" Though I ne'er must hope for peace,
" I will loose these tyrant fetters,
" And attempt thy wish'd release.

" Many long, and happy seasons,
" Are perhaps in store for thee ;
" But, alas ! the form of pleasure,
" Zara's eyes must never see.

" Near the beach behold that vessel,
" Gently bid the captain stay,
" Let him see this golden signet,
" And thy wishes he'll obey.

" Swiftly fly then, lovely Christian !
" Alla guard thee o'er the sea !
" Bid thy fair, thy blest Elvira,
" Shed one pitying tear for me.

" Thanks !"

" Thanks ! " --- replied the grateful hero, ---
" Time this kindness ne'er shall blot,
" In Elvira's pure oraisons,
" Zara ne'er shall be forgot.

" Fare thee well thou gen'rous beauty,
" May some noble warrior's love,
" Win from grief thy drooping spirit,
" And all thoughts of me remove ! " ----

Now the morning's waken'd breezes,
Wanton'd in the spreading sails ;
To the shores of Spain they bore him,
To Seville's delightful vales.

Slow the weeping maid departed,
Oft she ling'ring turn'd her view,
Where along the bright'ning waters,
Fast the lefs'ning vessel flew.

LINES

LINES

FOUND ON THE STAIRS OF THE TOUR DE LA CHAPELLE
OF THE BASTILE.

AH! how delightful is the fighting wind,
How bright the glist'ring dews, and starry skies,
To one who in unsocial depths confin'd,
'Midst noxious scents, and damps, and darkness lies.

By thy kind aid, my gentle guard, I prove
Whate'er of joy can fill the captive's breast,
As round these lofty battlements I rove,
And view the world in sweet oblivion rest.

Thou wert not form'd by fate in these dire glooms,
To plunge the dagger in the guiltless heart,
Drown in black poison beauty's purple blooms,
Or bid the soul from its rack'd body start ;

Thou sure wert meant to sooth the mourner's pain,
To pour the balm a bleeding heart requires,
The throbs of anguish, and despair restrain,
And wake with gentle breath hope's deaden'd fires.

Ah !

Ah me ! tis fweet where lynx-ey'd malice glows,
 In one kind breast to pour the forrowing foul,
 Its hopes, its fears, its wishes to repose,
 And feel pure friendship mis'ry's force controul.

In thy kind arms my friend still let me sigh,
 Shrink in idea from the fangs of pow'r,
 Plot how from this detested land to fly,
 Or weep for joys that must return no more.

With swimming eyes lean o'er these giddy heights,
 And watch the wand'rings of the languid Seine,
 That, gliding by reflects yon golden lights,
 'Till rising winds bid vapours intervene.—

See ! even now the driving clouds arise,
 Fast from the sight each sparkling beauty fades ;—
 Lift ! now methinks I hear imperfect cries—
 And now before me float the formless shades !

Ah ! look, they rise, above the tow'rs they fly,
 They frown, they rush—Oh ! come, my faithful friend !
 Quick ! lift the door, darkness involves the sky,
 Swift down the winding labyrinth descend.

Oh ! drag me through the gloomy maze,
 My nerves are shrivell'd as I gaze ;
 Lead me to my dreary cave,
 Let me hear the madman rave,

D

Hear

Hear the tortur'd wretch's breath,
 See his leaden glance of death
 Rather than these——yet fix'd I stand!
 What cruel spells my sinews bind?
 What direful magic draws my fight?
 Oh! save me from that bloody hand,
 Quick tear me hence——there that was kind;
 Now lead me to my live-long night.

But yet secure that lifted door---
 Ha! what repels thy fearless arm?
 What frightful shapes thy soul alarm?—
 Thy strength is vain, it will not close,
 Oh! how the waken'd whirlwinds roar,
 See! where that spectre darkly glows,
 Its shadowy hands the door uphold,
 Away! or it will gaze thee cold.

My nature sickens at the strife,
 Fear curdles all the floods of life,
 My sinking knees are fore oppress'd,
 In this cold passage let me rest.

Shield me some pitying son of light!
 Lo! they descend—See where they glide!
 How that majestic phantom sigh'd—
 I'll hear no more—they melt in night,
 Or through the distant alleys sweep,
 No voice is heard, and all the whirlwinds sleep—
 Come, to our cavern let us fly my guard,
 Lest darker visions rise, and our slow steps retard.

Horror

Horror and mystery ! whence that groan ?
 See ! through these bars, a lurid gleam
 Darts fiercely on yon crimson stream,
 That wanders o'er the sable stone.

And now it flashes through that massive cage,
 And shews grim famine's rage,
 Behold the struggling victim it contains,
 Life lingers in his languid veins,
 Hangs on his livid lip, and rolls his eye,
 His spirit may not stay, yet cannot fly.

Oh ! come, my friend—ha ! there again
 What lights yon deep and horrid den ?
 Sure demons leave their burning flood,
 To hover o'er these caves of blood,
 Lo ! that fair that youthful form,
 His cheek was late with beauty warm,
 Agony has fix'd his glance,
 What unseen tortures rack his frame ?
 What deed "without a name"
 Has wrap'd him in that dreadful trance ?

'Tis no illusion, see the murderer flies,
 With silent footsteps through each dismal cell,
 By the blue taper's light I see his eyes,
 Big with the malice of the prince of hell ;
 Exulting furies the keen villain chase,
 Clap their foul wings, and light the loathsome place.

Away !

Away !—descend ; a deadly dew
Creeps on me as I view.—

Yet stay, support me to my cell ;
Give me thy hand ?—What ! art thou fled ?
Art thou too false ? nay then, my hopes farewell !
Death scowls impatient o'er my wretched head !
Hark ! sure the pow'rs of angry heaven roll,
From its strong base this horrid pile,
Yon cells unfold !—back wheel their pond'rous grates,
And rushing spectres through the passage howl,
“ Foul murder, and infernal guile”,
And yell for vengeance to the tardy fates.

Rapid and fierce, a grisly shade
Bursts through the cleaving stairs,
This way its hideous eye-balls roll !
'Tis too much for mortal mold,
My brain is rack'd, my veins are cold,
Where shall I turn my steps for aid ?
Terror uplifts my parting hairs,
And madness fastens on my soul !

Angels of heaven ! guard me—hark ! it speaks,
Bury me deep—its accent breaks
Like thunder o'er the midnight sky,
Red phrenzy flashes from its eye,
Keen on the gory vesture it upholds,
That shews a regal badge, wove in the stiff'ned folds.*

That

* The eldest Prince of Armagnac who went mad in the Bastile, where he was long confined with his brother, by the execrable Lewis the Eleventh ; they were fixed in holes sunk in the stone-work, in the forms

" That fleeting tyrant* feize" it cries,
 " Ye ugly ministers who dwell
 " Down in his native hell—
 " Chain'd on yon bed of solid fire he lies—
 " Now they pierce his stony heart,
 " Now from their widen'd sockets start
 " His keen relentless eyes ;

" Now whirl him to yon flinty rock,
 " Laugh at his groans his yellings mock,
 " And plunge him in the freezing lake below ;
 " Dash from his cheek those iron tears,
 " And shriek ARMAGNAC in his ears,
 " Armagnac welt'ring from the tyrant's blow ;†

This solemn silence seems like nature's death,
 Gives frantic fancy wing, and checks my labouring breath.

My fearful eyes once more,
 The heavy glooms explore ;
 Mysterious powers ! it stands there still,
 Yet in its eye no longer burns

That

E

forms of sugar-loaves terminating in points, so as to deprive their feet of rest, and their bodies of repose ; from this miserable situation they were taken twice a week to receive the scourge, under the inspection of the Governor. The youngest survived his inhuman sovereign, at whose death he was released ; and from his records dated 1483, these facts were obtained.—*Ancient Hist. of the Government of France.*

* Lewis the Eleventh.

† James d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, and father to the princes before mentioned: He was beheaded by Lewis ; the nature of this prince's crime is not exactly known—he was tried by commissioners, which gives room to imagine he was not really culpable. All that we can find well attested in relation to this affair is, that Lewis had the utmost hatred to the Armagnac family.—*Voltaire.*

That fierce revengeful will,
 Ah ! now on me it mournful turns,
 Oh ! spare me restless spirit, I have stood
 Firm in the phalanx, 'midst the cannon's crash,
 Met the fierce ball, brav'd the blue lightning's flash,
 And smil'd on death frowning in robes of blood ;
 But ah ! thy glare hurls reason from her throne,
 Destroys my powers, and turns my heart to stone.

" Poor shrinking mortal dost thou dread,
 " A being lighter than thy breath ?
 " But soon from off thy iron bed,
 " By means 'twould antedate thy pangs to tell,
 " The fiends shall force thee to the fatal ground,
 " Thy panting breath repel,
 " And bid thee welcome death ;
 " Bid thee hail those scenes profound,
 " Those mystic regions where we go,
 " When the rising solar light,
 " Rends the fable veil of night,
 " Congenial to our woe

" There with us to fleet and moan,
 " And unreveng'd to dwell,
 " In fullen realms unknown,
 " Where——but their secrets none dare tell,
 " None to mortal sense unfold ;
 " The mysteries they hold,
 " Till the final thunder rolls,

" Till

"Till the fiery blast descends,
 " Shivers the mountains, melts the poles,
 " And beauty with black horror blends,
 " Those must remain untold ;

" 'Till loosen'd from the firmament the spheres,
 " Forgetful of their wonted race,
 " Clash in the fields of boundless space ;
 " And the rifted orbs disclose,
 " Their central horrors to the sulphureous light,
 " 'Till Vengeance wing'd with flames appears,
 " And his sweeping comets throws,
 " To blast the warring universe, and hurl it into night.
 " Impatient for that awful day,
 " Oft from unholy graves we burst,
 " When from our fiery prisons free,
 " And wander near these towers accurst,
 " While the wan moon pursues its way :

" Phantoms whose look were death to thee,
 " Stalk through the winding aisles with silent pace,
 " Hark ! the doors clap—and now again they flee,
 " In yon deep noisome vaults I hear their moans,
 " As flitting by their scatter'd bones,
 " On that infernal wheel their clotted gore they trace.
 " And some in yon remoter cell,
 " Lingerin' o'er a gulph profound,
 " Shriek to its weltering waters fullen roar,
 " Whose gloomy subterranean shores resound,
 " Woes that Imagination's flight repel,
 " Enchain with dread and bid it seek no more.

" When

" When all without is wrapp'd in night,
 " When not a wind breathes o'er the sleeping land,
 " Sent from the earth along each echoing wall,
 " Strange hollow tones thy soul appal,
 " Then all untouch'd by mortal hand,
 " The instruments of torture clang,
 " That in yon grated gallery hang,
 " And glimmer to a faint mysterious light.

" For speech can ne'er unfold, nor thought conceive,
 " The deeds these direful glooms have seen,
 " Here the grim ruffian shook his poinard keen,
 " And bade the breast of softness cease to heave;
 " Here on his pointed steel rais'd high in air,
 " He held the shrieking babe with anguish black,
 " And lur'd the spirit sinking in despair,
 " With sympathy deceitful to the rack.*

" Here sleepless cruelty invention goads—
 " Oft dragg'd in silence from the social world,
 " Thousands have perish'd in these fell abodes,
 " By means unknown to deaths unthought of hurl'd;
 " Foul secret deeds ne'er known beyond these bounds,
 " Are in the pause of midnight done,

" While

* It is a common practice with the attendants to pretend great concern for the prisoners; the following are usual expressions of this nature:—"How truly unfortunate it is that the king should be so prejudiced against you! the affair for which you were deprived of your liberty was a mere pretext, to gratify some spite which your enemies have had against you: would to heaven they were not so powerful!" It is thus they gain a knowledge of the prisoners' dispositions; for every thing is conducted by art, obscurity, and device, and the custom is not unfrequent amongst the attendants, to draw by artifices from the prisoner some disrespectful expressions against the Government, and afterwards to give up an account of all that he has said.—*Historical Remarks on the Castle of the Bastille.*

" While clattering wheels bury the piercing sounds
 " That echo through the cells below,
 " Fainter and fainter every moan,
 " Till from the mangled wretch they cease to flow.

" Many the avenues to death that meet
 " Thy unsuspecting eye ;
 " In that unfathom'd pit bones mouldering lie,
 " And lo ! perdition yawns beneath thy feet ;
 " Touch but that subtle spring*
 " Thou fallest ne'er again to rise,
 " Caught by the whirling engines hid below,
 " Fast o'er a dark abyfs where horror lies,
 " Involv'd in tenfold mysteries ;
 " Compar'd to which grief's keenest sting,
 " Life's parting groan,
 " Or terror's maddening glow,
 " When on mortal eyes we glare,
 " Is mild, mild as the gloom of vernal showers,
 " To that which gathers in the air,
 " When solemn winter lowers,
 " And bids the whirlwinds pile his cloudy throne.

" Long

F

* The Comte de Boulainvilliers says (letter 14th) that the Bastile was chiefly appropriated to such prisoners as it was determined to destroy either by the apparent forms of justice, or by the more summary punishment of the Oubliettes ; which last was much in use with Tristram-l'hermite, a favourite companion of Lewis the Eleventh. This man was himself judge witness and executioner ; it was his custom to cause those victims whom the king delivered into his hands to pass over a spring-trap, into which they fell on wheels, armed with spikes and cutting instruments.—*Mezerai Abrege Chronol.* During the stay I made at the Bastile (says the Comte de Boulainvilliers) I could not obtain a sight of the chamber des Oubliettes ; but I saw in the Chateau de Ruel, which was the pleasure house of the Cardinal de Richlieu, and now belongs to Le Duc d' Aiguillon, a closet which still retains the name of the Cabinet des Oubliettes. That cruel minister caused the persons whom he meant to sacrifice to his vengeance to walk into this chamber, wherein they had scarce set foot when the floor opened by a spring and they sunk into a profound abyfs.

" Long in ages past my race
 " Wore Gallia's regal wreath,*
 " Yet o'er this accurs'd place,
 " The tyrant bade my fetter'd father breathe,†
 " Gave him expos'd to vulgar eyes,‡
 " To those whom mercy could not warm,
 " Who laugh'd contempt at pity's charm,
 " Smil'd at his rage, and mock'd his sighs.

" Then on the rack his sinews tore,
 " And dragg'd him to the darken'd hall,
 " Thence to the gloomy scaffold bore,
 " And o'er him threw the sable pall;
 " But faint the horrors of the scene,
 " Faint to the monster's fiery thought,
 " The gasping princes pallid mien,
 " His hollow shriek, his final sigh,
 " Till his victim sons were brought
 " To gaze upon his springing blood,
 " To bathe them in the sacred flood,
 " And in his fever'd head behold his glaring eye !§

" Seize

* The Duke of Nemours was the known descendant of Clovis the first christian king of France; he reigned in 486.—*Voltaire*.

† When Lewis had caused the Duke of Nemours to be seized at Carlat in 1477, he ordered him to be confined in an iron cage in the Bastile.

‡ He was examined in his cage, after which he was put to the torture, received sentence of death, and was led to confession in a hall hung with black; confession was then considered as a favour granted to condemned criminals, and mourning hangings were only used for princes.—*Voltaire*.

§ Lewis caused the Duke's sons to be placed under the scaffold erected for their father's execution, that they might receive his blood upon them, with which they went away all covered, and in that condition were conducted to the Bastile.—*Voltaire*.

“ Seize him for this ye powers that know
“ To rack the callous soul with woe,
“ Demons of vengeance ! haste to bear
“ His struggling form to thicker air—

“ Methinks I hear the coming roar—
“ Lo ! where the guilty spirit gleams,
“ Life on his crimson poinard streams,
“ Ha ! monster whence these robes of gore ?
“ Whence vulture falls this bloody shower
“ That burns my whirling brain, and bids me think no more ?

Protect me heaven ! all now again is night,
Fled is that livid light—
Yet sounds confus'd and horrid meet my ear,
E'en yet methinks I see its flashing eye !
Where shall I lay my burning head ?
From this dread spot I dare not fly,
The fatal spring is near,
And I may plunge on that deep hideous bed ! !

* * * * *

What lucid light plays on the lofty roof ?
Which echoes back my voice in sadder tones ;
Is it the lunar radiance ?—no, it flies,
Again it streams !—Whence are those tender moans ?
Methinks I hear the sounds of mild reproof,
And now a spirit beams before my eyes !

“ Ah ! could'st thou hope to find dear cred'ulous youth,
“ In the cold hand of pow'r the patriot's need ?

“ Or

“ Or think to kindle at the rays of truth,
 “ Fires which might bid thy country's glooms recede?

“ Didst thou not know the cautious wily band,
 “ Who thrive and grovel at the foot of pow'r,
 “ Would fiercely intercept the daring hand
 “ And close the eye that might their views explore?

“ Wert thou not caution'd by thy father's fate
 “ To wrap in silence ev'ry gen'rous thought,
 “ And tremble to provoke his hate,
 “ Who on thy race such ruin brought?

“ Many to whom thy soul was bound
 “ By nature's finest ties,
 “ Lie strewn on this polluted ground;
 “ And many a streaming phantom flies,
 “ Restless through these guilty tow'rs,
 “ With whom in friendship's bands, thou'lt pass the golden hours.

“ But lo! the twilight flies before the morn,
 “ Through yon thick iron's see! the rosy sky,
 “ Now from all human eyes we go forlorn,
 “ Some in the deeps, some in the storms to sigh.

“ I am thy sister's spirit—and but stay
 “ To bid thee bow before the throne of grace,
 “ And beg with meek assurance mercy's ray,
 “ For even now thy steps the murderers trace.

“ Ere

" Ere yon white crescent fading from thy sight,
 " Relumine the dark vault of night,
 " The thirsty wolves thy soul will free,
 " To mingle with the air like me.

" Why I till now ne'er in thy lonely hours,
 " Appear'd to tell thee all my woes,
 " And why I haunt these foul mysterious towers,
 " Some future period shall disclose.

" My tale is dark and dreadful—but the time
 " When spirits almost purified must go,
 " Approaches fast ; soon in some fairer clime
 " I'll meet and tell thee all my woe.

" The ruffians that will stop thy breath,
 " Are whispering in the caves profound,
 " Now they prepare the fullen wheel,
 " The knotty cords, the ragged steel,
 " I hear the dismal sound !
 " Yet oh ! with firmness meet thy death,
 " But for a moment shall they clasp
 " Thee in their savage grasp ;
 " Farewel, I can no more, the lingering shades of night,
 " Roll to the west, ting'd with the golden light !"

* * * * *

Horror and death ! the fiends ascend
 My panting heart to rend ;
 Ye angels fold me with your wings !
 Mercy ! 'tis vain,—fast fetter'd here,

Meekly resign'd I wait
 The dark decrees of fate;
 Pass but this bitter transient hour,
 I shall cease to feel its power.
 A stronger cord the ruffian brings,
 And now a long farewell to fear!
 A ray from heaven fills my breast,
 And my rapt soul pants for eternal rest.

LINES

LINES

ON A SNOW DROP.

PALE beautiful flow'ret ! that gracest the plain,
While yon sea-beaten rocks icy chrystals adorn,
While winter majestic still frowns o'er the main,
And on the loud winds heavy tempests are borne;
Pale beautiful herald ! thou comest to speak
Of the seasons when, soft from the palace of light,
The morning with roseate lustre shall break,
And illumine the transient empire of night.

When yon vault a celestial blue will o'erspread,
When the land will in beauty and grace be array'd,
When the soft-sighing wind balmy odours will shed,
And nature's sweet melodies rise in the shade;
Thus serene and delicious, rapt fancy portrays
The summer's bright blossoms and silvery skies,
Nor thinks that to damp its imperial blaze,
From the sea's restless bosom thick vapours may rise,

And

And enthron'd in dark state on the mountain's wild brow,
 Oft pour their cold dews on the wandering gale,
 Or melting in rain chill the warm scene below,
 Stain the pure-flowing riv'let and rush o'er the vale.
 Ah ! thus we behold, while existence is new,
 When fancy first wakes and hope dawns on the scene,
 The lovely perspective they give to our view,
 Of perennial beauty and pleasures serene.

Indistinct, yet delightful the visions appear,
 As we soar on the pinions of fancy sublime,
 While rich notes of harmony fall on the ear,
 And Elysiums are seen through the labyrinths of time;
 Then we think not adversity's glooms may pervade,
 And envelope in mists fancy's magical bowers,
 Eclipse the bright day-star of Hope by their shade,
 And darken with woe our meridian hours.

SONNET

SONNET.

DELIGHTFUL days ! for which I vainly weep,
 Where shall my sick'ning soul your 'semblance find ?
 Where hear your music, that so oft could steep
 In visionary bliss my pensive mind ?

Oh ! ye are gone, and time no more can give,
 Array'd in charms like yours a future hour,
 Though fortune bid me with young pleasure live,
 Or in my lap her golden treasures pour ;

Then busy Memory no more recal
 The beauteous images that wound my heart,
 O'er them let pale Oblivion cast her pall,
 Yet stay sweet Memory !—we must not part,
 To sorrow still they give a soothing charm,
 And while they pierce my soul present a balm !

CLESSAMOR.

CLESSAMOR.

IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

CLESSAMOR mild king of rocky solitudes, hung the shield and the faulchion in his halls, his arm was feeble, and his hair as the falling snow. Amongst the steeps of the North rose the warrior's towers, their feet were rooted in the depths—their battlements frowned on the malice of time.—Peace lived in the retreat of Clessamor, for the light of glory beamed on his youth—his daughter was beautiful as the morning-star—like the heroes of Fingal were his blooming sons—by day-spring they rous'd the boar from his den, they laughed at his fiery glance—they bade him roll in death, and returned to rest in the mansion of Clessamor.—The bard sung the deeds of their fathers on the shores of other lands—their halls rung of chiefs who had slept for ages in the tombs of the mountains—the youths fired at the song, seized their javelins again, their souls rushed like a war-horse to the fight—they longed to walk in the roaring field, but their spears hung unstained in their lofty halls—the clangors of battle were no more—the arm of their enemy was shrunk in death—the rocks re-echoed the song of peace. But joy is fleeting as the meteor in the mist—like the morning breath of streams it mocks the grasp—it will not stay—its abode is in the cloudy halls of heroes.—The glory of Clessamor was an arrow in the heart of Erath—he turned pale

pale amid the tumult of war—he fled behind the winding rocks—the reproaches of the hero pursued him—shame darkened his brow—vengeance raged in his soul, and he raised the fires at midnight round the king's abode.—The strength of heroes was vain—Alona the fair daughter of the king shrieked unheard—her brothers fought her amid the blaze, but found her not—the fires roared through the halls—the foundations of ages past were loosened—the battlements fell heavy on the roof, and the voice of Clessamor was buried in the noise—the bright flames seized the youths as they flew through the towers—dazzled they sunk, and rose no more.—Alona stood weeping on the cliff—the abode of her fathers glowed on its top—she had seen the mounting ruin—she had called on her sleeping brothers—she had shrieked near the chambers of the king—the fiery stream drove her back—silence was in the house—its faithless dwellers were fled.—The foes of Clessamor smiled on the distant steeps.—All night she saw it blaze—all night she called on her father—for the brothers of her love she called, but they heard her not.—Two days saw the dwelling burn—two nights Alona wept on the damp cliffs—the third sun beheld it cold and desolate—the walls were red and gloomy—the rafters of oak were crumbled—the fallen roof had forced the column from its place, and the arms of heroes were blue with fire—till the day was gone she wandered through the silent halls—the night was keen—the blast with iron wings mounted the rocks—the towers trembled at its voice—the pillars of the portal bowed—they rolled down the cliff—they dashed into the passing stream.—Alona came down—she sat by the dark wave—it foamed over the half-seen pillars—she laid her fair head on the ruin by the stream—her bright locks floated on the breath of freezing winds—Death rode upon their wings, and rested on her shivering bosom!—Beautiful maid! of a race that have ceased to shine, a wandering bard lays the green sod on thy white breast—
he

he covers thy cold form with rude fragments—he strings his sad
harp near thy mossy grave—he sighs in the echoing towers of thy
fathers!—

WRITTEN

On a Blank Leaf of Shakespeare.

BY Nature blest, scorning Art's cold commands,
Thy radiance Shakespeare still superior glows—
Thus the bright Opal* mocks the artist's hands,
And from its native rock light's richest tinctures throws.

SONNET

* The Opal is a singular and elegant stone which displays its beauties without the art of the lapidary.

SONNET

TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WHY gains keen satire bard thy partial eye,
 When round thy lyre th' elegiac goddess wreathes
 Each blossom sweet that on her border breathes,
 And bids them live till sympathy shall die?

Desist, and sweep the pensive chords again,
 Whose magic sounds awake the tearful grace,
 Win from affliction half her secret pain,
 And lull the agony they cannot chase;

Again to Cynthia pour the melting lay,
 And paint the anguish of despairing love,
 Then, like the murmurs of the lonely dove,
 Thy notes a sweet and mournful charm convey;
 'Tis then, forgive me bard, I scarce regret the hour,
 That gave thy forrowing soul to love's relentless pow'r.

SONNET

SONNET

TO MISS SEWARD.

ON READING HER ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

FAIR SEWARD ! while his deeds whose hapless fate,
Call'd from thy mournful shell its sweetest note,
While these the youth of Britain shall elate,
Young Genius rouse, or kindle daring thought ;

Or his mild isles upon the southern main,
Lift their green bosoms in primeval bloom,
Or Nature's hands the polar ocean chain,
And wrap its limits in tremendous gloom ;

So long the Muse who sung his zeal benign,
And to the world's dark bound'ries mark'd his course,
Breath'd her rich music o'er his plumed shrine,
And track'd his spirit to its awful source ;
So long her melodies shall charm the ear,
Shall humanize the heart, and wake the pleasing tear.

SONNET

SONNET

ON HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES' COMPLIANCE WITH
THE PROPOSED RESTRICTIONS IN THE REGENCY BILL.

THO' o'er the Royal Youth, with proud control,
Cautious Suspicion throws her shackles base,
Nor dares to trust his dignity of soul,
Nor aught regards the grandeur of his race ;

Deems it unsafe that on his filial care,
A much-lov'd drooping parent should rely,
And reins his lib'ral ardour, lest he dare
On Merit's brow honour's bright wreath to tie ;

Yet rich in native goodness he allows
The niggard hand his limits to express,
Smother the warmth with which his bosom glows,
And bar from him that purest bliss, TO BLESS :
Thus the bright Sun, whose light the tempest shrouds,
In regal radiance beams above the murky clouds !

SONNET

SONNET

TO AUTUMN.

SWEET Autumn! nymph serene! I love to trace
 Thy pensive footsteps to some wat'ry cave,
 Where oft thou lov'st to shed with softest grace,
 Thy various foliage o'er its issuing wave;

Yet dearer to my soul thy chilling air,
 When thy soft bird* has ceas'd his farewell sweet,
 Far more congenial to this heart of care
 Thy looks, that winter's solemn beauties greet,

Than when thou stray'st beneath an azure sky,
 And all thy glowing graces dost unfold,
 Giv'st to the fragrant peach its crimson die,
 And to the shade its vegetable gold;
 For oh! thy parting look recalls those lovely hours,
 Dear weeping Mem'ry decks in choicest flowers!

* The Redbreast.

AN

AFRICAN TALE.

IN the deep windings of a mountain-wood,
 At whose dark feet the clear Leona* plays,
 Leaving these unknown realms where first his flood
 Rushes impetuous to the solar blaze ;

There reign'd, ere avarice pierc'd the tranquil shade,
 Zarad the gentle sovereign of the grove,†
 With his sweet partner Zilea, beauteous maid !
 Whom every grace and virtue form'd for love.

Celestial love ! who leads his votary's heart
 To pure communion with each moral grace,
 Bids pity's eye a softer radiance dart,
 Serener beauty beam from mercy's face ;

And

K

* The river Sierra Leona washes the mountains of that name, which divide Guinea from Nigritia, and is supposed to be a branch of the Niger, but in what land they separate is uncertain.

† In Guinea there are some arbitrary monarchs limited by no laws, and there are too many others to whom the name of king is given, whose dominions do not exceed the bounds of an ordinary parish, and whose power and revenues are proportionably circumscribed. These are sometimes protected, but more frequently oppressed, by a superior power, for whose emolument their subjects (and it may be presumed even themselves) are sometimes driven to the markets to be purchased by the callous European !—

And the fair world a recent charm assume,
 For all whose souls his heavenly magic binds,
 For them bids spring in brighter lustre bloom,
 For them bids richer fragrance scent the winds.

Ah ! might his voice still charm the soul in pain,
 Might his pure light illumine its mazy way,
 What could the tide of genuine bliss restrain ?
 Or tinge with fable hues the lucid day ?

Enchanting visions of the raptur'd soul !
 Absorb'd and melting in congenial fire,
 Ye may not stay ! ah ! soon before you roll
 Fate's gloomy clouds, and force you to retire.

So music in a dream the sense enchains,
 And heaven opens on the ravish'd sight,
 A moment shews the riches it contains,
 Then shuts—and leaves the waking wretch in night.

Such were the day-dreams of the royal pair,
 Who stray'd serene on Leon's lovely shore,
 One rapid year had flown unstain'd by care,
 That year had join'd them to divide no more.

Illusive hope pourtray'd the future hours
 In colours bright as those for ever fled,
 Strew'd on their sylvan throne ambrosial flowers,
 And through the vale of age her influence shed,

For

For soft affection join'd their generous minds ;
 That power divine ! to royalty scarce known,
 In life's lone paths some votaries it finds,
 But feldom wanders near a monarch's throne.

Yet Zarad's breast felt its delicious power—
 With Zilea's beauteous image once imprest,
 He left, in anxious thought the regal bower,
 His verdant coronet, and various vest,

To seek the vale, where first the musing maid
 Unconscious of her beauty caught his eye,
 As on the margin of the stream she stray'd,
 And mark'd the closing evening's purple dye.

For that blest power that veils in deeper gloom,
 Or bids creation wear a softer smile,
 Deep'ning the thunder's voice, the flowret's bloom,
 Sweet Poesy ! her moments would beguile.

Though of rude chords the muse had form'd her lyre,
 She could a melody divine create,
 Catch from the various scene the sacred fire,
 And bathe in balm the poison'd shaft of fate.

When in the car of night the fable hours,
 Slowly retiring fought the cloudy west,
 And morn with fragrant fingers op'd the flow'rs,
 Showering her fluid pearls on earth's green breast ;

When

When aerial minstrels bade the grove rejoice,
 And to the kindling radiance pour'd their lay,
 With theirs she oft would join her grateful voice,
 And on the wild mount hail the crimson ray.

Through the romantic shade to silence dear,
 Save where the torrent from the cleaving earth
 Rolls o'er the gloomy rock with mad career,
 Seeking the ocean caves which gave it birth;

Through the romantic shade she oft would stray,
 To spend in pensive thought the noontide hours,
 Lest to the fainting songster's languid lay,
 Or rear with tender hand the drooping flowers.

The spicy winds that frolick'd in the vale,
 When evening wander'd from the glowing main,
 The birds' sweet music dying in the dale,
 The crescent beaming on the liquid plain;

All to her sinking spirits could impart
 A charm uncheck'd by fate's relentless hand,
 Which fasten'd anguish on her tender heart,
 And dragg'd her weeping parents from the land.

From Fidah's* sultry heights the maid had fled,
 Scenes of her earliest joys, her earliest woes,
 And fought, by solitude and sorrow led,
 On calm Leona's banks to find repose.

* Fidah or Whidah.

Zarad enchanted saw the hapless maid,
 He heard her artless tale with tender pain,
 His cheek the witness of his soul portray'd,
 And from her sight he sought for peace in vain.

Again he rang'd her fav'rite haunts along,
 Again he saw her seek the silent vale,
 And caught the plaintive sweetness of her song,
 Borne on the pinion of the rising gale.

“ Where may ye weep ye faithful wretched pair,
 “ Sacred protectors of my infant years ?
 “ What distant seas my drooping parents bear ?
 “ In what far climate fall their fruitless tears ?

“ Oh ! ye false strangers ! that from many a coast
 “ Hasten to bind a guiltless world in chains,
 “ And even while ye lock their fetters, boast
 “ How Liberty still revels on your plains ;

“ Oh ! think when in the festive vale you trod,
 “ Think how her smile endear'd the blissful day,
 “ Then let lost millions satiate your God,*
 “ And haste from these unhappy shores away !

“ Leave

L

* From the eagerness with which this sanguinary commerce is pursued, it must appear to the artless natives that the Europeans are necessitated to obey the injunctions of some remorseless deity ; and not merely impelled by a prospect of gain.

" Leave us our scorching skies, our foaming seas,*

" And deserts echoing to the lion's roar ;

" These howling solitudes have power to please,

" If Liberty their native charms restore.

" Rude burst the waters from yon shaggy cave,

" And hoarsely thunder down the trembling plain,

" Full many a solitary bank they lave,

" Where the fell tyger holds his dreadful reign ;

" Yet still we love to trace each devious stream,

" Though to the forest's central depth it flow,

" If golden grains 'midst its dark eddies beam,

" And cooling dew-drops on its borders glow."

" Oh ! come," the raptur'd monarch softly cried,

" Come, on this faithful bosom breathe each care,

" Be thou enchanting mourner Zarad's bride,

" And let him all thy tender sorrows share.

" I know my love thou own'st no fertile glades,

" I know thou can'st not gold nor gems impart—

" I wish no realms beyond yon palmy shades,

" I ask no dowry but thy tender heart.

" Full oft where grandeur flashes on the fight,

" The blushing virtues vainly seek repose,

" As on those rocks which pour the di'mond's light,

" No blooming shrub, nor lofty fruit-tree grows.

" 'Though

* A high surf even in the calmest weather continually beats upon the shores of Guinea.

"Though mute, yon glitt'ring rovers of the sky,
"May charm awhile the wand'ring stripling's view,
"But ah! how dear to love and harmony,
"The ruffet bird that sings at falling dew.

"Then come sweet maid to yon serene recess,
"Which foreign savages will ne'er pervade,
"Forget in love and peace each past distress,
"And lend new beauty to the tranquil shade."

Oh! ye whom friendship's music seldom charms,
Who sympathy's enchantments seldom prove,
'Tis ye can tell the various sweet alarms
Of kindling hope and gratitude and love.

On Zilea's lips the timid accents die,
Sweetly bewilder'd droop'd the melting maid,
Yet soft consent sat sparkling in her eye,
And to her beauty lent a recent aid.

—Oh! halcyon days! that ye might long endure,
And long with radiance light the shade of love—
—Ah me! no more ye prompt the vision pure,
Nor bid the song re-echo through the grove!

'Tis past!—the dulcet voice of pleasure dies!
For lo! resistless through the mazy wood,
The fierce insatiate foe like lightning flies,
And marks each rapid step with human blood.

—Sad near the creek the fetter'd wretches stand,
 Who shrink from transient death to lingering woe,
 And weep a final farewell to their land—
 Dear scene of joys they ne'er again must know.

Onward the ruffians press to gain the bower,
 And strive on Zarad's arm to lock the chain,
 But vain the efforts of united power,
 Till mortal wounds his manly bosom stain!

Fast streams the living crimson o'er the ground,
 As his cold eye seeks an eternal shade,
 While Zilea in still anguish bathes each wound,
 And vainly lifts her swimming eyes for aid.

"No more my love," the gasping monarch cry'd,
 "New lustre on my fluttering soul is shed—
 "We soon shall meet beyond the misty tide,*
 "In meads of bliss which tyrants never tread.

"For them who cruel urge these horrid deeds,
 "Yet boast of finer souls, and gods more pure,
 "If, as their scene of youth and hope recedes,
 "When even riches shall no more allure;

"If with their thoughts the dreadful past shall blend,
 "Afric will rise in tenfold terrors drest,
 "And with a wilder pang their bosoms rend,
 "Than that I feel"—he said and sunk to rest.

Save

* The Negroes' ideas of futurity are various; some believe that their spirits will be conveyed to the banks of a famous inland river, where a god enquires into their past conduct, and if it be found unexceptionable he wafts them to the opposite shores of happiness and immortality.

Save one faint shriek that pierc'd the sultry air,
 Horror a momentary silence shed,
 While Zilea breathless sunk beside his bier,
 And her fair soul to milder regions fled.

“ Dear native shades !” the parting wretches cry,
 As the wide sails to rising breezes swell ;
 “ Shades ! where we lov'd to live, and hop'd to die,
 “ Fair haunts of innocence and peace—farewel !”

Ah ! sure for all that spot a charm can spread,
 In which the soul's first faculties expand ;
 Dear to the negro is his leafy shed,
 As to the Briton Albion's attic land.

Perhaps some hearts in that forlorn retreat,
 Throbb'd with each virtue that refinement knows ;
 Some with the patriot's energies might beat,
 Some melt with sympathy at friendship's woes.

For there are minds with innate beauty fraught,
 On whom the arts ne'er shed their lovely light ;
 There are whom heavenly wisdom never taught,
 That tread the paths of purity in night.

As the wild flowers that deck Virginia's vales,
 Breathe the rich perfume, the same tints expand,
 With those which, shelter'd from the chilling gales,
 Are mingled by the skilful florist's hand.

Unhappy Africa ! for whom in vain
Majestic nature spreads her various blooms,
Whose hunted sons from many a hostile train
Vainly seek shelter in thy thickest glooms ;

For thee, the Muse, who loves to range thy clime,
Hear thy dread thunders down the desert hurl'd,
Stray 'mongst thy rocks where horror reigns sublime,
And shades immense ! coeval with the world !

Fondly for thee, her rising hopes presage
The days are near, when all thy wrongs shall cease ;
Thy sorrows, Charity's soft eye engage,
And anxious Mercy plans thy future peace.

Perhaps, when her sweet voice shall harmonize
The wild, discordant feelings of mankind,
And Commerce rend, disdaining dark disguise,
The sanguine wreathes that now her temples bind ;

Benignly bright, the social arts may seek
Along thy glowing shores to build their fanes,
Bid from the dormant mind new beauty break,
And lead a grace where desolation reigns.

Science on thy dark steeps may love to dwell,
And mark the lurid lightnings flash below,
And Poesy awake her heavenly shell,
In those lone Isles where Leon's waters flow.

Nor be the fair conjectures deem'd romance,
 That thus would link and dignify the world ;
 Surely those glooms thro' which the foes advance,
 Those coasts where hostile banners are unfurl'd,

Alike are open to the soothing train
 Of radiant Science and enchanting Art,
 Whose voice can charm the fiery throb of pain,
 And many a thrilling joy to life impart.

Th' infuriate tempest heaven's high concave rends,
 And the sad shepherd's golden fruits o'erwhelms ;
 But if in sunny showers its store descends,
 Awaken'd Beauty smiles thro' all her realms !

SONNET

TO GRATITUDE.

THY softest whispers ever let me hear,
 Benignant Maid ! whose eager outstretch'd arm,
 And eye suffus'd with many a pearly tear,
 With silent eloquence, resistless charm.

If round the friend who rais'd my drooping head,
 Misfortune's sable clouds malignant roll,
 Oh ! teach me round her couch sweet flow'rs to shed,
 And shield from Sorrow's shafts her gen'rous soul ;

But if my wayward mind in some sad hour
 Disown, oh ! Gratitude, thy melting voice,
 My eyes forget soft sympathy to pour,
 And Cynthia's bliss no more my heart rejoice :
 Clos'd be these eyes to the bright blaze of day,
 And round its frozen source life's stream forget to play.

SONNET

SONNET

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

MAJESTIC votress of the mournful muse,
 Siddons ! whose voice can steep the soul in woe,
 Bathe every eye in Pity's pleasing dew,
 Or bid the breast with fire heroic glow :

Long may'st thou illustrate the poet's page,
 Exalt the spirit, and enchant the view,
 The warring thoughts on virtue's side engage,
 And paint each passion in its finest hue ;

For if my pensive heart may judge thy pow'r,
 No transient sympathy thou leav'st behind,
 The tear long lingers call'd by thee—and more,
 Thou print'st the love of goodness on the mind—
 Who does not feel beneath thy sweet control
 Virtue erect her throne within his soften'd soul ?

SONNET

SONNET.

LO! o'er the naked scene the beating snow
 Driven by the North fast falls in flaky showers,
 Keen frost forbids yon hard'ning stream to flow,
 And hangs his chrystals on the leafless bowers.

Now sinks the struggling sun behind yon rocks,
 And leaves the freezing world to Stygian night,
 But deem not that in vain stern Winter locks
 With iron hands the sources of delight ;

For from his chilling powers the earth imbibes
 New strength and beauty for her numerous tribes ;
 Hence all the sweets of lavish spring we trace,
 And hence the golden harvests of the plains ;
 And thus in Misery's lap fair Virtue gains
 A recent vigour and a higher grace.

SONNET

TO THE VIOLET.

SOFT balmy flower ! that on the pathless hill
 Unfold'st thy sweet leaves to the lucid ray,
 Or bende'st o'er some unfrequented rill
 That bathes thy green stem as it winds away ;

There no proud foot shall damp thy velvet bloom,
 Nor rudely rob thee of thy pensive grace,
 There thou may'st oft the evening gale perfume,
 Till nature calls thee to thy primal place.

When all thy powers exhausted, 'mongst the reeds
 Thou droop'st in solitude thy faded head,
 And with thy fragrant sisters of the meads
 Find'st a sweet shelter and a quiet bed—
 May I with lowly grace, sustain life's various scene,
 And die like thee fair flower, amid some vale serene !

SONNET

TO PITY.

PITY! on whose wet cheek no vermeil blooms—
 Whose voice oft wins AUGUSTUS from the bow'rs,
 Where pleasure warbles, and which taste illumines,
 Strewing the magic wilderness with flow'rs.

Pity! whose accents bade thy darling rend
 From Mis'ry's fest'ring arm the galling chain,
 Mercy and Justice in bright union blend,
 And send the wretch to light and love again;

Still may the royal youth, oh! nymph divine,
 Derive his purest transports from thy pow'r,
 Still sooth the pallid toilers of the mine,
 And shade e'en guilt from Winter's icy show'r;
 With glory's lofty song mingle thy thrilling tone,
 And hang thy dewy wreathes around his future throne.

VIOLA AND ALONZO.

[IN IMITATION OF THE OLD SPANISH BALLAD.]

“ **B**OUND towards Afric’s fultry defarts,
“ Lo ! the ship the billows cleaves,
“ Floating on the faithless ocean
“ See ! my captive lover grieves.

“ From Granada’s blooming vallies,
“ O’er the snowy steeps * I come,
“ Come to sooth my brave Alonzo,
“ And partake his fatal doom.

“ Hush ye winds ! be still ye waters !
“ Waft him not so fast away
“ From fair Xenil’s † banks Viola
“ Noble youth intreats thy stay.

“ Stay ! oh ! stay for me my hero,
“ Let me brave the tyrant’s hate,
“ Let him lock me in thy fetters,
“ I will share thy cruel fate ;

“ Toil

O

* The Sierra Nevada, or snowy mountains, run from east to west through Granada:

† Xenil, the river which runs by the city of Granada.

“ Toil with thee on foreign mountains,
“ Where the Panther feeds her brood,
“ Watch well pleas'd thy midnight slumbers,
“ Fearless midst the roaring wood.

“ Distant from the vulgar wretched,
“ We will weave our palmy shed,
“ Soft I'll make thy leafy pillow,
“ Soft I'll bind thy throbbing head.

“ Ne'er shall sorrow pain, or danger
“ Force Viola from thy sight,
“ Woe shall strengthen our affection,
“ Love shall make e'en slavery light——

“ Sullen o'er the deck he wanders
“ With a wild unequal pace——
“ Now his soul dissolves in softness,
“ Now the tears bedew his face !

“ On these happy shores he gazes,
“ For his wretched bride he mourns——
“ Now my lovely warrior sees me !
“ With impatience wild he burns ;

“ Lo ! he bursts his shameful shackles,
“ Now he seeks his native land,
“ He comes !—Ah ! no, the watchful minions
“ Faster bind his val'rous hand.

“ Spare

" Spare him ! spare him gentle rovers !
" Oh ! his arm they fiercely grasp ;
" Fast across his gen'rous bosom
" See ! the heavy links they clasp.

" Now the cruel gale blows louder,
" Drives the vessel o'er the deep,
" Heaves aloft the foaming billows,
" And o'erwhelms the flying ship !

" No !——'tis but the work of fancy,
" Gently fights the summer-wind,
" Gently plays upon the ocean,
" 'Tis to us alone unkind !

" E'en denied one mournful transport,
" Now they drag him from my view !—
" Heaven preserve thee brave Alonzo,
" Gallant youth a long adieu !

" See ! the light of day is sinking,
" O'er the skies dark clouds arise,
" Distant mists involve my lover !——
" Hope within my bosom dies !

SONNET

[WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, NEAR THE RUINS OF SHEFFIELD MANOR.]

THESE dark-brown hills, and yonder antique walls
 That totter to December's boist'rous winds ;
 Yon lonely tow'r which aged ivy binds,
 And thro' the chinks in sad luxuriance falls,
 The earliest pleasures of my soul recalls.
 In childhood's scenes, the drooping spirit finds
 A happiness unknown to vulgar minds,
 When of the rude and fickle world it palls.
 In yon cold ruin, white Tradition says,
 Scotia's lorn queen her weary head reclin'd,
 Wept for lost France and love's primeval days !
 Her haunts are dear to every gen'rous mind,
 To me, thrice dear are yon, for through their maze
 My Delia's voice has oft my joys refin'd.

SONNET

SONNET

TO THE SETTING-SUN.

PARENT of Beauty ! oft as I behold
 The veil of evening thy resplendence shroud,
 See thee empurple yon flow-failing cloud,
 And o'er the ocean show'r a paler gold ;

And from this height discern a deeper hue
 Steal o'er yon wood, checking the linnet's lay,
 Hear its mellifluous cadence die away,
 And mark the rock-rose droop beneath the dew ;

The grandeur of his powerful hand I own,
 Who clothes in amber light thy morning-throne,
 And bids thee in the zenith radiant shine ;
 But when from western skies thy beauty flows,
 His mercy in thy soften'd splendor glows,
 And fills my pensive soul with love divine !

SONNET

SONNET,

FOUND IN A RECESS OF THAT CELL IN THE BASTILE WHERE THE PRISONER WAS
CONFINED WHO WORE AN IRON MASK, AND WHO IT HAS BEEN
SAID WAS AN ITALIAN OF DISTINCTION.

OH Italy ! my country ! beauteous scene
Of life's pure earliest joys, I never more
Shall wander through thy myrtle-shades serene,
Feel Love's celestial smile, nor Friendship's Power ;

Thy grotts, thy palaces, thy classic streams,
Perennial blossoms, and unclouded skies,
Save when they mingle with my fullen dreams,
Will ne'er again delight these aching eyes ;

Save through the hollow vaults the sweeping wind,
The shriek of phrenzy, clank of captive's chains,
And doors that on their massy hinges grind,
Eternal silence through this labyrinth reigns ;
Where I, while black Despair repels Hope's trembling ray,
In solitude and gloom groan my long life away !

SONNET

SONNET

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

HAIL ! beauteous harbinger of those calm hours,
Dear to reflection and the weeping muse ;
Thy lustre o'er my spirit can effuse
A bliss unknown in pleasure's richest bowers.

Where with the yellow light on yonder hills
The azure mingles, thence thy beams so pale
Gleam on the rock, the torrent, and the vale,
And the lorn wand'rer's care-torn bosom stills.

Though all in tears mild Star thou seem'st to glide,
Thy sphere is lucid and thy ray serene,
And oft I love, roving the dusky scene,
Or loitering by the rambling riv'let's side,
To liken thee to those fair souls that glow
Ardent with virtue though immers'd in woe.

F I N I S.

SONNET

TO THE LADY OF THE LAKES

Thou art the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest.

Thou art the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest.

Thou art the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest,
The fairest of the fairest of the fairest.

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